



And she died



👁 42 ✓ 2 ★ 2

Chapter 1 by Worlds

Kidding, just kidding. I didn't actually die. I least I don't think I died. Oh, wait I did. That might be the reason why everyone walks past me. I have been a ghost for 96 years now. Still the same age, same face, and same personality. The reason why I am a ghost is because I did a pretty bad thing. I killed a person, a guy. He was picking on my little brother and after that, things got pretty messy. I killed him first, but he grabbed my knife and stabbed me back then we both died. Right next to each other. I hated the point that I had to die next to him. I still have that scar on my heart where he stabbed me. 😊 So then, I was captured and was taken to the hell check in place. I found out instead of hell you get turned into ghosts, but there is a catch. I have to give up my soul from 12 pm to 12 am, I will be forever hungry, and I will never be seen or heard by humans. Sad, right. Well, here is my story.

Chapter 2 by Jess



He'd come home every day and try to hide the scars and bruises lining his skin.

"For gods sake Callum! If you keep letting them do this to you I'll get involved!"
Is what I'd always say after noticing the quiet sobs echoing our halls.

He told me no. He said I'd make them mad.

He said I could

never

get involved.

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It was a Thursday and I was waiting to pick him up by the school.

I remembered going here.

I felt the cold air and saw my breath in front of me. Smiling, I leaned against the wall and propped myself up with a book.

He'd be out soon.

I don't remember how long it was I waited before I started feeling irresponsible. The students had stopped exiting the school and the teachers had left also.

I tried to tell myself he was with a friend but
I couldn't imagine anything more improbable.

Searching and somewhat frantic I came across a loud noise.
It was about fifteen minutes from the school but still relatively nearby. I ran towards the sound.

I couldn't get the bad ideas out of my head.
There was no 'best case' scenario.

In my path were five boys.
A tall kid,
A stubby kid,
A kid with green hair,
A kid with excessive long hair,
And Callum.

I..
Wasn't thinking straight.
My fist was clenched.
Seeing him,
helpless.

I swung my fist.

and I didn't miss.

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